LO! THE MOB MELODIOUS.

THE SEASON OF MESIC LETS LOOSE TO-MORROW

Singers of Old Sough and Older Operas Manteta, Philifers and Conductor Wor in Somewhere There May He & ton meer Who Is Not Merely a Tallor.

Whether it shall be said that the musical season opens to-morrow night with the production of André Messager's "Veronique" remains for to-morrow sight to demonstrate. The proof of an operatta is in the hearing, not in the record of two years of prosperity in England. In the matter of critical opinion as to musical creations or the interpretation thereof there is an exquisite adjustment of equality between London and New York. American musicians who have never appeared in Toulouse or Sienna or some other radiating centre of European art activity clamor in vain at the doors of London newspapers with their American press notices.

"We never pay the slightest attention to what the American papers say," solemnly says the learned Briton

In precisely the same style the American critic beaves a long sigh when he is asked to turn his glance upon the smug patter of conventional phrase and stereotyped opinion which passes current as musical criticism in the metropolis of the world. In London the critical sanctum flows with milk and honey. The blasting breath of discriminative analysis never blights the hopes of the mediocre reciter of songs or the automatic smiter of pianos. Upon the portals of art hangs a crimson banner blazoned with the cheering legend: "All

hope bring with ye, ye who enter here." Across the plains and the rivers and the mountains the splendor of this banner gleams upon the eyes of the nations. The oppressed and the downtrodden of the musical sphere, the failure and the charlatan of Italy, of Spain, of Germany, of America, lurking in the last ditch of resource and drinking the dregs of its gutter, rise up in new encouragement and take ship for Albion's bright shore.

There the great concerted puff shall hold a fretfu realm at gaze.

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in uni

versal praise. It is but a few short days since the newspapers on this side of the Atlantic teemed with accounts of the success of certain American performers in London. With the exception of one, all these performers had achieved signal failures in this country. These failures were not because of comparative weakness, but because of an almost total want of any feature of merit In several cases not a single newspaper writer in this town had been able to find one thing to praise. Yet these same cases had pronounced success with the London critics and thereby were enabled to secure engagements to sing in public, halls and in the private salons of the rich.

Is the prophet always without honor in his own land? Can no American succeed here without the aid of Europe? Not at all. Those who are competent get praise and plenty of it. Those who are incompetent get condemnation here and praise in England. It is pleasant to adduce the testimony of one of the recent visitors to Britain, an honest and sincere person. who may yet reach an enviable position. This musician when congratulated by the present writer on her success in London said with a rather tired smile:

Yes, we all succeed over there. They don't write criticism; they write perfunctory notices, and no one is condemned."

One of the successes of the London season was an American soprano who possesses a really pretty little voice, but who is entirely without knowledge of the art of song. She sings like a child, without intelligence or insight. She was very popular with the London papers. Naturally she did not cisms, and they would have declined to read them if she had attempted to do so.

Now the British critics do not visit America. Far be it from them to do anything so enlightening. The American critics, on the contrary, do go to London. When they are there they visit the London musical entertainments, from the slovenly opera at Covent Garden to that rampant swindle, the publishers' concert. They read what the London newspapers print about these things and thus get an idea of the standard of critical comment in the biggest and dullest musical centre on earth.

Therefore those who have not heard M. André Messager's "Véronique," but have perused the English comments on it, are prepared to usten to it with unmoved minds. It will have to stand upon its own merits and not upon the praise of the chorus of indolent reviewers nor the record of a two years run in a huge city. But the approbation of any public extended over a period of twenty-four months must mean something, and therefore there is a certain amount of interest in the imminent disclosure of this operetta composed by the impresario of Covent Garden, London.

Whether or not "Véronique" rises to the dignity of a musical incident, it is certain that the season of tonal art will be ushered in with fitting seriousness on Tuesday evening, when Gwilym Miles gives his song recital at Mendelssohn Hall. Mr. Miles is one of the most patient, honest and industrious of seekers after vocal truth. He has made progress steadily, and he stands for fidelity to high principles.

He has not disported himself much in in where angels fear to tread. It is altothe scarching light that falls upon the song reciter. It is easier to shake the populace with the clamant thunders of "Elijah" than to drain the perfume of Mozart's "Veilchen" pluck the heartstrings of Schubert's Erl König."

That is, it is easier to gain success with the public. It is still easier to succeed This, too, despite the now indisputable fact that Emma Calvé is going to appear in concert, and the equally indisputable fact that the people will crowd

Mr. Miles has advanced cautiously along the rocky read of singing. He now believes that he may ascend to the proud eminence of a song recital. Let us hope that he is justified in doing so. At any rate, he will officially open the concert season in New York, and that is something.

What a remarkable season it is going to be, too! Virtuosi by the dozen are coming across the Western Ocean to stun us with their feats on harpsichord and viol. Singers of high degree are to pour forth tone till the ear, surfeited with it, clamors for the pure line of silence. Operas old and new are to be exhibited in changeful panorama in Mr. Conried's temple of polite mesic at Fortieth street and Broadway.

Visiting conductors, like the visiting statesmen of unforgotten political epochs, are coming to improve our condition and teach us how these things are conducted in their countries, which, if not better than ours, are, as Brutus remarked to Cassius, elder anyhow. It is going to be almost

This visiting conductor practice hide fair to grow pronicions. Walter Damrosch. who is a much better conductor than some of these gentry who eross wile some and make a vast pother of their to penny notions in contentous interviews, is to be visited by Felix Woingartner, who is certainly worth inviting. Withelm Gericke, the surve Petronics arbiter elegantiarum of cultivated symphonism in the scholastic city of Boston, is to be visited by Vincent D'Indy a French composer, who has written much but who may or may not be a good conductor, even of his own works. The New York Philharmonic Society, however, leads the van by continuing its policy of en-

gaging none but visiting conductors. Of course, all this is in line with the trend of the time toward the worship of men and their personalities. Europe watches the changing expression of the Kaiser's face. America shouts itself hourse over Theodore Roosevelt. New York finds its own bright particular Roosevelt in Jerome. Is it any wonder that the humbler musical world is devoted to the worship of personalities?

It is an unhealthy condition. Let this not be misunderstood. The interpretative artist is a sine qua non in music. To the mass us music is a sealed book till the interpreter opens it. We are grateful to him, and that is entirely right. But we have come to place the effect before the cause. We are raising the interpreter above the

Mr. D'Albert sets forth in his advertisements that he is the greatest Beethoven player in the world. We flock to hear his reading of the sonatas and depart exclaiming "How wonderful! What a genius!" All our praise is for D'Albert. Poor old Beethoven; he wrote the sonatas, but these, like the poor, we always have with us, while D'Alberts must come and go at the will of piano makers, and we must be glad when we are permitted to reap benefits from the latest endeavor to boom a hammer clavier.

The fiddler assails Brahms or twiddles Vieuxtemps, and again we are lost in admiration at the performer. As for the opera, that is all to the glory of the singers. The composers are but private secretaries, who write the speeches wherewith these spellbinders may enthrall audiences. Now, this thing has found its way into the orchestral field, and instead of going to hear the symphonies of Beethoven, we go to hear Mr. Weingartner's readings of them, which, with all esteem for that admired conductor, are not always the same thing.

It is a pity that public attention should be so distracted from the true issues in the world of music. Doubtless this centralization of thought on the mannerisms of interpretation has much to do with the barrenness of the time in creative art. That subtle magnetism which reacts from the people upon the originating musician is almost undiscoverable, but it surely exists. To be a successful composer in this day a man must have something of the advertising spirit in his soul. He must be willing to prance and pose before the public eye. He must attitudinize in art and wave the yellow banner of freakdom before the nations. If there is a Brahms or a Beethoven working in this poster era of art he is buried beneath the surface and will come up only after a lengthy submersion. and because he is of the buovant sort. He is apart from the turmoil and the jingle of the music mart

Watching with eternal lids apart. Like Nature's patient, sleepless Fremite.

the dawning of the hour when the present unsettled conditions will simmer down into something like sanity. But this is only a repetition of what has already been better said by Felix Weingartner in his pith: little book "The Symphony Since Beethoven." He writes:

less activity, an uncertain groping after dim objects, a hankering for success and celebrity at all costs and by any means. 'Progress.' 'Neo-Germanism,' 'hitherto unheard of originality,' 'precursor,' 'epigone. 'eclectic' 'founder of a new school' 'superseded standpoint'-these are many of the catchwords which strike our confused ears. Now we hear of a new tone poem in comparison with which the works of Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz are but the productions of pygmies; there the true popular vein is said to have been rediscovered. As in a Fata Morgana, the new pass before us, fade, and die away. An almost frivolous admiration of the wilful, the irregular, the ugly, has manifested itself in many places. * * No doubt in the midst of all the confusion the great, the truly new, and original is silently preparing

but far away from the art market. When this truly great and original music comes before us we shall bow down before it, even as we bowed before the creations of Wagner. Even to this day the singer has not succeeded in obtruding himself entirely before the glory of Wagner. When Mr Conried ravished Bayreuth of its Rhinegold and welded "Parsifal" into a ring of world power in the new continent, it was before the drama itself that the people prostrated themselves. The Metropolitan Opera House was packed night after night with men and women to whom Ternina and Van Rooy

were not even sounding names. It was "Parsifal" these men and women went to hear, not vocal reeds shaken by the wind. When the new master comes he will find a world of disciples. The people may be trusted. This is but a transition the thorny field of the song recital. Per- time. We waste our strength over freaks haps he has wisely refrained from rushing and frolics because there is nothing else to occupy us. But all this rubbish which gether likely that he understands full well now litters the musical earth must go. Its last great conflagration may be distant. but it is inevitable. When it comes we shall recall certain pregnant words of Thomas Carlyle: "Higher, higher yet flames the fire sea, crackling with new dislocated timber, hissing with leather and prunella. The metal images are molten, the marble images become mortar lime; the stone mountains sulkily explode. Respectability with all her collected gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves the earth, not

to return, save under new Avatar." But the new Avatar will come. Hope shall not perish utterly from off the earth. The Mascagnis, the Leoncavallos and the Richard Strausses are interesting fellows while they are here. They are not as interesting, perhaps, as the Maeterlincks and the Ibsens, nor even as George Burnhard Shaw; but they serve their turn. Meanwhile the world can afford to possess its soul in patience and wait for the new Bee-

thoven or Wagner. It can also endure the strident shrieks of those hysterical souls to whom art must be an embodiment of hysteria. The calm supremacy of a Bach, the remote and subtle intellectuality of a Brahms, the elemental sunshine of a Mozart or the basic solidity of a Beethoven, moveless as the pillars of the earth itself, are not to be found in the music of our time.

When these fundamental qualities come

he exciting as the life of Mme. Schumann- D'Indys and Bruneaus are tracking paths among the underbrush with Wagner's axe. among the undertrush with Wagner's age. In the nursery of Time there sleeps some where a habe who shall come to build the House Senotiful in that cleared wilderness Meanwhile we have the immortal prophete of music still with us. Let us go together to hear the soleron 'readings,"
W. J. HENDERSON

> WARLE HALL, VIOLINIST. The English Girl Who Is to He Heard Here

During the Coming Season. The infant prodigy seems to be a musical impossibility in this country, and it is probable that the results of Franz von Vecsey's visit here will deter managers from taking risks with youthful performers for some time to come. He was the most famous

kid in Europe, but helped David and Charles Frohman to lose about \$30,000. He seemed to prove how slight is the interest of American audiences in what Germans call "a wonder child."

With a performer of an age approximating maturity the case is different. Jan Kubelik. who was not a child, made a great success So did Jean Gerardy

Both Marie Hall and Ottir Chew, who are coming here this winter, have also reached the age which will make them interesting as personalities. Both are English, and they are the two most interesting women

they are the two most interesting women violinists of the day.

Marie Hall was the daughter of Edward Felix Hall, a harpist, who with his wife travelled from town to town picking up a precarious living. She was born at Newcastle. April 8, 1884.

Her father taught her to play the violin. At the age of 9 she first appeared at Newcastle Town Hall, creating such a sensation that some wealthy Newcastle gentlemen interested themselves in the child.

Later Max Mossel, principal professor of the violin in the Middiand Institute School of Music at Birmingham, was much impressed with her talent and gave her one year's private lessons. He then recommended her to the Birmingham School of Music committee for a free studentship. She was elected to the studentship and held it for two years.

She was elected to the studentship and held it for two years.

The father was enabled to take his daughter to London'to Wilhelmj, who, after hearing her play the Mendelssohn Concerto and Grieg Sonate, requested the father to leave the child with him. Many months in the house of Wilhelmj followed.

Finally, the father having agreed to leave his daughter in charge of others for three years, she was taken to London and intrusted to Prof. Johann Kruse, with whom she continued her violin studies. In 1901 she was sent to Prague, where for eighteen months she studied under the care of Prof. Seveik.

At a coming out concert her programme consisted of the Tschaikowski concerto in D, an adagio by Vieuxtemps and Paganini's "Moto Perpetuo." She was recalled

thirty times.

In the beginning of the same year she was taken to Vienna for a series of concerts, where she met with success. On February where she met with success. On the first concert in St. James's Hall, London. The programme consisted of the Paganini concerto No. 1, Tschaikowski concerto in D and the Wieniawski "Faust" fantasie.

Her second concert took place in the same hall two weeks later, again with orchestra,

hall two weeks later, again with orchestra, and the same conducter, H. J. Wood, when she played the Ernst concerto in F sharp minor, Bach's Chaconne, Paginini's "Moise," and ended the concert with Beethoven's "Kreutzer" sonate, with Herr Galston at the piano. The audience growded the building piano. The audience crowded the building to overflowing, which was without prece-dent on the second appearance of a girl of 19.

NOTES OF MUSIC EVENTS.

The soloist at the first concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Carnegle Hall on Thurs day evening, November 9, will be Heinrich Warnke, the new first 'cellist of the organization. His num-ber will be the Dvor k concerto. The sololists at the Saturday afternoon concert will be Mmc. Gadski and Ellison van Hoose, which means that the pro-gramme will consist of Wagner.

Karl Grinauer, 'cellist, and Marguerite Hall, contraito, will give a concert in Mendelssohn Hall on Thursday evening, November 23.

Olga Samaroff, planist, will give a recital ! ber 9, at 3 o'clock.

Minnie Coons, planist, will give a concert in Carnegle Hall on Thursday evening, November 2, with the ald of Walter Damrosch and the New York be the Beethoven G major concerto.

Gwilym Miles will give a song recital at Mendels-sohn Hall on Tuesday evening. He will sing songs by Handel, Richard Strauss, Hugo Kaun, Schumann, Tschalkowsky and others.

Miss Elsa Breidt, the highly talented planist from Chicago, who has been studying for the past few years with Alexander Lambert, will give a concert with the assistance of the New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch, conductor, at Mende Hall on Saturday evening, November 18,

Orchestra, under the direction of Fritz Scheel, to be given at Carnegie Hall, with Mme. Olya Samarof, the planist, as soloist, has been changed from November 6 to December 11. This change the date is made necessary by certain unex pected demands on Conductor Scheel's time in connection with his work in Philadelphia. Mr. Scheel is preparing a special programme for his

For the first concert of the Russian Sympho-Society on Saturday evening, November 18, Con-ductor Altschuler announces this programme, with Baoul Pugno, the Prench planist, making his first New York appearance for this seas Symphony No. 4, F minor Tschalkowski Suite, "The Snow Malden" (first time)

Concerto for plano, No. 2, F minor (first time Rachmaninoff Raoul Pugno.

Overture, "1812". Mme. Emma Calve's only concert appearance New York this year will take place at Carnegie Hall next Saturday afternoon at 2:30, the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, assisting. In fact, this will be the only time the famous prima donna will sing here this season, as she will not be heard in opera. The diva returns after a summer's rest at her castle in the South of France, and the assurance is given that her voice is better than ever. She will be heard in a variety of songs, including some thirteenth century French chansons never before sung in this country. While no selection from "Carmen" appears on the pubished programme, doubtless Caive will give some

thing from her famous successes as an encore. Raoul Pugno, the noted French planist, sailed for this country yesterday on the steamer La Savole from Havre and is due on the 5th. He is accompanied by his family who make their first visit to America. Pugno will open his tour in Boston on Wednesday. November 15, and three days later will make his reappearance here with the Russian Symphony Orchestra in Carnegle Hall on Saturday evening, November 18. Pugno's first recital will be given in Mendelssohn Hall on Thursday afternoon, November 23, and the second on the 28th in

Edwin Grasse, the violinist, is to be heard in New York this winter in three recitals in Mendelssohn Hall, the first of which will be given on Wednesday evening. November 29.

Herbert Witherspoon is to repeat the programm which he gave so successfully in London last May in his first recital here in Mendelssohn Hall, which will be given on Thursday afternoon. November 16. Victor Harris will assist Mr. Witherspoon.

Marie Hall has selected a most pretentious programme for her opening concert in this country in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening, Novemin Carnegle Hall on Wednesday evening, November 8. She is to be heard in the Tschalkowski and Paganini Concertos and the Rondo Capriccioso by Saint-Saens. Of Miss Hall it is said that she is the first woman violinist to perform the Paganini concerto in public. The New York Symphony Orchestra, Waiter Damrosch conductor, will assist. Miss Hall sails for this country on Saturday.

Hugo Heermann, the noted violinist, assisted b Emil Herrmann, also a violinist, will me his son. Emil Herrmann, also a violinist, will make his reappearance here in a recital in Mendelssohn Hall on Saturday afternoon, November 18. Young Herrmann has been enjoying as many triumphs as his father during the past summer in Australia, and just now is winning the plaudits of the Cali-fornian public.

of sixteen to be given at Carnegle Hall by the New again they will come in a new garb. We shall know them—have no fear of that. Wagner blazed out a clearing in the new wilderness, and all these little Strausses and November 12, and Tuesday evening. November 16.

SABA, A TOPSY TURVY ISLAND

IT IS DETEN AND BOTTOM SIDE IP IN THE CARIBBEAN.

Its Propie Hunti Ships on a Mountain, Are fut 60f From the World and Mnow 411 the News The Saban Wamen Are Heautiful and the Men Wanderers.

SARA, Dutch West Indies, Oct. 21. Saba s Dutch. Sata is mountainous. Pata is offorn side up

It is cerbaca just as well to make these three statements at the outset, for the sooner one throws his ; reconceived ideas overboard the sooner he will understand this queer little island which is tucked away in the Caribbean Sea some 150 miles southeast of Porto Rico. Saha is a torsy turvy island where the expected happens rarely-the surprising at every turn.

Saba is Dutch. That is, the tricolor of Holland floats from the staff in front of its Governor's residence and the portrait of that charming sovereign. Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, graces its postage stamts. So far as feelings go, however, Saba is as American as Bangor, Me., or Yankton, S. D.

Of its 2,200 inhabitants, of whom 800 are negroes, the vast majority speak the language of South street, Manhattan. There are but three people on the island who speak Dutch at all. One of these is the Governor the second is the Roman Catholic priest and the third is the brigadier of police.

For Saba has a police force and so far as the records go it is without a scandal. The brigade is composed of the brigadier already mentioned and two privates. What Saba's police force lacks in numbers it makes up in homogeneity. No son of Africa need blush for the three members of his race on Saba's finest.

Saha is mountainous. The good people over in Holland who take pride in their small West Indian colony have a proverb to the effect that whereas God made the sea. they made the land. A very uncanny force made Sala.

Thrust upward from the bottom of the sea thousands of years ago by some enormous eruptive force, Saha is as rugged an island as there is in the world. The only level place on it large enough to stand on with comfort has been utilized as a site for its principal settlement. It is the bottom of a presumably extinct volcano. After the experience of Martinique, which lies to the south, one is careful to prefix "presumably" before "extinct."

The Sahans call their town The Bottom for the reason already given. To reach it one must climb upward for one thousand feet from sea level over a villainous mountain trail.

The Bottom at Saba is as high in the air as the Eiffel Tower in Paris; almost twice as high as the Washington Monument. Truly Saha is bottom side up.

But after all one must not criticize too soon, for all things in this world are relative. From the sea Saba is bottom side up. From its heights it is bottom side down. Towering up all about its diminutive capital, serrated and cruel hills lose themselves in the clouds. Through several defiles mountain paths lead away to groups of houses which are perched on cliffs overhanging dizzy descents to the surf beneath.

The expected rarely happens in Saba Any ordinary little island with no cable communication, and a mail which arrives weekly via a sailing packet from a neighboring island visited by steamers, would grow narrow. The people would perforce combine their thoughts to purely local

In Saba the reverse is true. Perhaps the explanation is twofold.

With us a man hurries through his morn ing coffee and takes a rapid glance at the markets of yesterday while on his way to business. In the evening he has his social distractions, and the result is that the average American is well informed on only those things which particularly concern him, and is rather vague on topics of merely general interest.

In Saba the receipt of a newspaper is an event. The good man of the house lights his pipe, tilts himself comfortably in an armchair in the shade of his veranda and proceeds to digest the news-not bolt it-no; assimilate it, digest it.

From the title to the last advertisement on the last page, that newspaper is gone over thoroughly, and the result is that when his patient, hardworking wife calls him in to dinner he knows the state of the world up to the date of publication, and can tell offhand who won the football games and to | held a council of war and ate their meals an eighth how every stock closed on the

New York Exchange. And, what is more, he becomes firmly wedded to his political beliefs, and can argue as forcibly on the stand pat theory or on municipal ownership as any carttail spellbinder from Harlem to the Battery. No. Saba is not slow.

The Sahan is not a man of wealth, but he has traveled. As a rule he voyages to and fro in yachts, although he occasionally favors deep sea square rigged craft. He may be found cruising about in the Mediterranean or doubling Cape Horn.

For a seaman he was born and a seaman he will die, and in the interim he sends his wages regularly home to support his family. which he sees perhaps every two or three years For such a man as this to be a domestic animal sounds contradictory. Per haps that is the reason why, being a Saban, he is domestic. The sea around Saba teems with fish

and yet salt cod is imported from Newfoundland. Why, Heaven only knows. But the fact remains. Sugar and flour and practically every necessary except the glorious climate is imported, and the man standing at the wheel of somebody's yacht and capable of holding about ten persons pays the bill. The Saban women, who stay at home

and take care of their families, pride themselves upon their complexions, and as a rule they have a right to do so. Creamy whites and rosy pinks predominate in the faces of Saba's daughters, and for once the reason

Their island home is often cloud enveloped, which those who are up on such subjects say is a good thing for the skin. Free ulphur crops out everywhere from the hillsides, and sulphur has been noted for ages for its beneficial effect on complexions. The fortunate combination of clouds and sulphur makes feminine Saba particularly attractive.

The women of Saba put in what spare

time they have left, after the cares of their households are attended to, in making drawn work, which is fully equal to that made in Mexico. Owing to their remoteness from a market, they have hard work in disposing of their output, which they have to send to the neighboring islands for sale. And now a word as to the government

and resources of the island. The Governor is answerable to the Governor of the Dutch island of Curação. Working conjointly with Saba's Governor is a local council of two members, who are annually elected by Saba's freemen. These three men govern the island in purely local mat-

ters.
Their duties are not onerous, consisting as they do principally of such matters as the overseeing of the repairs on mountain trails and imposing a dog tax, but they are taken The island's annual income from the dog tax and an ad valorem duty of 2 per cart, on imports is about \$2,000. The ex-

por sen of government are \$7.200, and the good people of far off Holland put their hands in the pockets of their baggy trousers and make up the deficit.

Recently, in a frenzy of reform the local government of Saba considered the advisability of increasing the annual dog fax, but at last reports the question was undecided. It is indeed one that will require some careful consideration, as many of the island's purps are worthless, and an increase of even one cent in the annual license fee would have a tendency to send more than one mongrel to the canine happy hunting ground. The question of a tax upon real estate has evidently never been brought up. At any rate, the Sabane pay

no tax on their honies. For people who lack any spot at the seashore level enough to stand on with comfort the Sabana have made a remarkable record as boat builders. In all the surrounding islands the fame of Saba's boats is known, and a Saban boat manned by a Saban crew is justly held to be a com-

bination extremely hard to beat. The islanders certainly do make fine boats and, as in everything else, they go to work in a manner peculiar to themselves. They build them one thousand feet above sea level, at The Bottom. That they miss a glorious opportunity for shooting the chutes which would make Coney Island shrivel up and die from sheer envy has perhaps never

No, the Sabans do not launch their boats in any such exciting manner. The boats once built-and they vary in size from a common rowboat to a 40 foot schoonerthey are inverted and hoisted on men's heads, in which manner they make the perilous descent seaward.

There is not a wheeled vehicle in Saba. There i no road on which one could be used. Travel over the mountain trails is either by foot or on small island ponies. which are as active as goats and not very

much larger. Whi h mode of procedure is preferable is a question. The walking is bad, of that there is to doubt. But riding astride a diminutive pon; especially a pony which seems to prefer the brink of a precipice to the middle of the trail, is nerve racking. It requires a level head and some practic to become accustomed to either.

From the heights of Saba a view of wonderful beauty is spread out before one. To the south and east lie the twin islands of Nevis a d St. Christopher, with their mountain hidden in the clouds. Smaller islands dot the sea to the northward. And all about lies the Caribbean Sea, as blue as the sky itself and rippling in the trade breeze.

The Sabans have a wonderful island. Originally the home of Carib Indians it became later the lair of pirates until settled by the Dutch, who have been its owners for more than a century. As a pecuniary asset it is worthless, and worse, for it is the ca se of outgo rather than income to the Dutch. But to be original is something, and Saba is original from its shores up to its Bottom.

STORIES TOLD OF TREES. Vermont's Biggest Tree.

From the St. Albana Messenger. Probably the largest tree in Vermont, if not in New England, stands in the dooryard of Jerry Richard in the northeast part of the

town of Chester. The tree measures twenty-three and onehalf feet in circumference two feet from the to side about 130 feet. There are seven limbs hich measure two and one-half feet through and the tree is estimated by woodchopper to contain from fifteen to twenty cords of wood.

Biggest Tree in Kansas.

From the Kansas City Journal. Munsell ranch, near Skiddy, is said to be the largest tree in Kansas. It is a giant

The tree is 21 feet 10 inches in circumference and rises a distance of forty-two feet before the first branch is reached. The tree is very old and has quite a reputation owing to its enormous size. The State Historical Society is planning to get title to the tree and surround it with an iron fence.

Historic Tree Near Baltimore.

From the Rallimore American A gigantic chestnut tree with a girth o about twenty-five feet, and under whose branches in 1777 Washington and Lafayette while camping on the place when the Ameri can army was marching from Baltimore of interest shown to visitors on the McCor

nick farm, near Baltimore.

This is not a tradition, but a well authenti cated fact, as is abundantly attested by the archives of the McCormick family.

From the Atchison Globe One day in 1857, John Brown, the famous Abolitionist, rode up to the Benton place near Effingham, Atchison county, and dismounted He carried in his hand a switch which he had cut from a cottonwood tree. stuck it in the ground at the back door of her

borhood as "the John Brown cottonwood. Shoot From the Tisbury Yew.

little house. It took root and grew. It is now a huge tree, and is known in the neigh-

When Dr. Charles E. Banks was in England ix years ago and visited Tisbury he saw in the old churchyard of that parish the famou yew tree which is said to have been planted by one of the Arundel family seven hundred or more years ago. It is about thim -- six feet in circumference, hollowed at the trunk The vicar promised the doctor a shoot

from the tree as soon as one could be procured. Recently the doctor received by express a young tree from this old giant, and it is now potted and ready for transplantation at the proper time. When it becomes acclimated this memorial of the old Tisbury will find a home in the new town on the lawn of Dr. Banks's summer home at Vineyard Haven. The yew is a large and beautiful evergreen tree, with a trunk often of great thickness, branchins a few feet above the ground and forming a large and dense head Fine specimens of it are frequently found in English churchyards, and, for this reaso it has been often mentioned in the elegiac

The yew tree obtained by Dr. Banks wil The yew tree obtained by Dr. Banks will have a deep significance and interest for the Vineyard people not only because it came from old Tisbury, but also for the reason that under the spreading branches of the parent tree Thomas Mayhew, known to fame as Gov. Mayhew, must have been carried to his baptism over three hundred years ago.

Two Famous Piencer Trees. From the Kansas City Star. Two of the most famous pioneer trees i the West have a well merited place in history

These were the Lone Jack tree and the Lon The first is in western Missouri and the second in eastern Kansas. A good pioneer horseman might have covered the distance between them in a day. At the Lone Jack tree a great battle was fought during the civil war. At the Lone Elm caravans over the Santa Fé trail halted for the night and here were united two branches of the famous old trail.

Travline's The Unusual Store.

Oriental Rugs

No matter what size, color, or weave desired, do not fail to look over our stock

At Vantine's you will find more Oriental Rugs, more of an assortment of sizes, color combinations and well known weaves, than in any other iwa Rug stocks combined.

Vantine's make the selling of Oriental Rugs a specialty We Buy Direct-We Sell Direct.

Comparison and inspection are cordially invited. We are proud of our Oriental Rug stock, and take pleasure in showing Rugs.

We submit the following

Turkish, Persian and India Rugs

10.5 x14.10 ft., was \$160, now \$100 | 10.4 x13.1 ft., was \$175, now \$124 10 x12.9 ft., was 150, now 100 10.7 x12.3 ft., was 165, now 100 11.5 x14 ft., was 160, now 10.1 x14 ft., was 140, now 10.2 x12 ft., was 146, now 100 10.6 x15.2 ft., was 175, now 100 9.8 x13.10 ft., was 175, now 11.1 x12.10 ft., was 145, now 8.10x13.5 ft., was 180, now 11.10x11.10 ft., was 150, now 100 100 10.10x15 ft., was 165, now 9.9 x14 ft., was 150, now

150 Fine Antique Persians (slightly damaged)

Ranging in size from 3x5 to 5x9, at 88 to 830 75 Daghestan Ruga, Average size 2.625.6. were \$15, now \$10.50 100 Fine Shirvan Rugs, Average size were \$22, now \$15 @ 818 75 Silky Mosul Rugs, Average 8:26 4x7. were \$28, now 820

75 Heavy Kazak Rugs, Average size 4.427. were \$35, now \$25

A Stirring Sale

Remarkable as it is timely. Chinaware @ Brassware

all offered at 75c each, formerly 1.25, 1.50, 2.00 each.

The Collection Consists of Japanese Chinaware Indian Brassware

Plates, Teapots. Chocolate Pots, Trays Cracker Jars, Celery Trays, Sugar and Cream Sets. Salad Bowls, Nut Trays,

Brass Candlesticks. Finger Bowls, Damascus Brass Jardinieres, small size.

A large assortment with a great variety of designs. Basement Salesrooms.

Russian Salad Bowls (Wooden) and Lacquered Serving Travs.

A. A. Vantine Q. Co.

Broadway, between 18th @ 19th Streets.

Continued from Sixth Page.

son drawings has proved as popular on the road as it did in New York last season.

F. F. Proctor's company at the Fifth comedy, "Lady Windermere's Fan." Amelia Bingham will play the adventuress, Mrs. Erlynne, created more than a decade ago at Wallack's by May Brookin, and Charles Richman will be the Lord Windermere. Isabelle Evesson will play Mrs. Erlynne at the Tuesday, Thursday and Friday

The farce comedy, "Forbidden Fruit," which Dion Bouckault adapted from the French for Robson and Crane, will be preented at the 125th Street Theatre. J. Kelley will have Stuart Robson's original part, Cato Dove, and Mr. Charles Abbe will be seen as Sergeant Buster, which Mr. Crane originated.

The attraction at the Fourteenth Stree Theatre this week is Hurtig & Seamon' new musical comedy, "In New York Town." Among the fun makers are Cliff Gordon, Tell Taylor and Loney Haskell.

Billy B. Wan as Patsy Bolivar in "The Errand Boy" will be at the American. "Hazel Kirke" is the offering of the York-

ville stock company, with Mabel Montgomery in the same part and Eugene Moore The New Star will have Hall Caine's "The Christian," with Catherine Countiss

Wilson Barrett's famous play "The Sign of the Cross" comes to the Murray Hill, with the original scenery painted for William Greet's production.

At the Thalia will be 'eodore Kremer's successful melodram. "Wedded and Parted."

"The Lighthouse by the Sea" is billed for the Third Avenue. The Russell Brothers in their new show "The Great Jewel Mystery," come to the

Metropolis.

THE BROOKLYN THEATRES. The Rogers Brothers at the New Montauk -"Easy Dawson" Coming. "The Rogers Brothers in Ireland," the newest and to many the best of the long

series of plays John J. McNaily has written for them, will be at the New Montauk this week. The three scenes are laid in Ireland and the cast includes Josie and Ethel Intropodi, Bessie De Voie and Maurice D'Arcy. Raymond Hitchcock in "Easy Dawson Mr. Hitchcock's part, that of the easy going chief of the volunteer fire department, amused audiences in Manhattan for some

Charles E. Grapewin will be at the Majes tic in his newest play, George V. Hobart's "It's Up to You, John Henry." Anna Chance is his leading woman.

The Grand Opera House will have Chaun cey Oloott in his new play, "Edmund Burke," which Theodore Burt Sayre wrote for him. As might be expected, Mr. Oloott has some

George Primrose, with his minstrel combany, comes to the Folly. James T. Powers in his satire on vaudeville ways called "Dreaming" will be at the

Orpheum. Others in the bill are Jesephine Cohan and her company in "Friday the 18th." Nella Bergen with some new songs, Fred Niblo and Rooney and Bent.

Hyde & Behman's will have as a topliner

SHAW TO THE FRONT AGAIN. Edward Clark and his "Six Winning Widows." Milton and Dollar Winning Widows." Milton and Dollie Nobles will present "The Days of '49." James Thomton will be heard in a monologue and the three Keatons will give their well known

"The Devil's Daughter" company, with Elmer Tenley as an added attraction, the burlesque show at the Star.

Sunday Amusements.

At the second of the Victor Herbert con certs at the Majestic to-night George Leon Moore will be the soloist, and such name as Tschaikowsky, Wagner and Letolff figure Sousa will give his second and last con

cert at the Hippodrome to-night. An

event of interest will be the appearance of the baritone, Tagliapietra, who will sing the prologue from "I Pagliacci." The Irish Ladies' Choir will make its fir public appearance at the Academy of Music

to-day, giving concerts this afternoon and evening. There are twenty-six member of the choir. Vaudeville concerts are announced the New York Theatre, where There Renz and the Kaufmann troupe of cyclis will be features, the American, the Grand Opera House, the Proctor Theatres, the Harlem Opera House, the West End, the New Star, the Murray Hill and the Third Avenue; the Alhambra, Colonial, Dewer Gotham and Metrorophic

Jotham and Metropolis WHATEVER THE BABY'S NAME IS

He Doesn't Want It to Be Dortet de l'Espignae de Tessan. A large assortment of resonant, mouth

filling names characterizes a suit j st begun in the Supreme Court for the annulment of a marriage. François Jules Dortet de l'Espignac de Tessan is the plaintiff and Rose Christaine Calafiore are some of the names of the woman he married. She is in Switzerland just now, and will be served by mail and publication.

In the complaint drawn by his attorneys Seymour, Seymour & Megarth. François says that he first met Christaine on la Toursine in November, 1904, when he was coming over from Havre. She introduced im here, he says, to a Mrs. de Belmont, at 5 West Ninety-first street, her cousin and friend, and François became a constant caller. Christaine told him, he says, that her really truly name was Rose, etc., de Stemmels de Kerkeinger, and that she had divorced De Kerkeinger.

Rose and François became fast friends One day, he says, she persuaded him sign an agreement of marriage, drawn English, which he does not understand She told him the agreement was merely formal affair, which either party could

disregard at will. He found it more bindist than that when he consulted a lawyer. She sailed for Europe in March, and the François did a little investigating. It found, he says, that she was the wife & S. Calaflore of New Orleans, whom se deserted within a month of their marrise, in March, 1903. François wrote of this to Christaine, and got back a letter tellist him to go ahead and get a divorce and k ber know when it was all over. She also her know when it was all over. She conveyed the tidings that the stork called at her home. Now François v the agreement of marriage set a fraudulent, and also asks the court t titled to bear the honored names

Gas Kills Two. James McDonald, 35 years dealer, and Peter Flood, 27 year laborer, were asphyxiated in their at 1375 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn

day. They had been drinking night and it is believed that in the gas the cock was accident gas the cock was accider

shoulders around.